The Canton Times.

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CANTON. - - - MISSISSIPPI.

AN IDYL OF THE OTHER HALF.

Mebbe folks has lots o' fun
Livin' on Fif' Avenoo,
No long errands to be run
An' no wearin' work to do:
But I guess they couldn' pass
Nowheres near the jolly treat
Me an' Mamie Riley has
Livin' down on Cherry street.

Nights in summer w'en it's hot
We go up on Mamie's roof,
Then old Smith who knows a lot
Plays wot he calls "Upra Boof."
My! His old accorjin squeals
When we stand up two by two,
An' we has our jigs and reels
Like the folks at Sherry's do.

Las' year me an' Mamie went
To the country fer a week;
'Twus the Fresh Air Fund that sent
Us 'way up to Perry's creek.
Good time! Why of course! You know
We wus allwus bein' fed—
They got so much room they stow
Only two folks in a bed.

That's the country. But fer us,
Wull, we like our Cherry street,
An' there's lots o' places wuss
Tho' ours ain't just allwus neat.
There's the same blue sky down here
That yer see at Murray Hill,
An' the same moon shines out clear
W'en the night is cold and still.

Mebbe folks has lots o' fun
Livin' on Fif' Avenoo,
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Livin' down on Cherry street.
—Robert G. Welsh, in Youth's Companion.

A BICYCLE RIDE.

A Thrilling Incident of the Great Southwest.

Jack Andrews, or "Andy," as he was ore commonly known among his associates, was a New York city cyclist nd sport in the days of the good old rdinary. His was a common name mong the cycling club men of Gothm, and when astride his fifty-eight-ch mount he set a hot pace for the st of Manhattan's flyers. Jack was e of those happy-go-lucky sort of eople, with plenty of "stuff" to buy opularity had he been unable to get by his genial and clever ways.

Andrews, Sr., was accounted wealthy the full meaning of the word in a reat metropolis. Wall street had en a veritable gold mine for him. e made his money easily; Jack spent for him rapidly.

But there came an end to these osperous days. A financial crash ove many of New York's supposedly ealthy brokers to the wall, and Anews, Sr., was one of them. But, unke the great majority, he had had ough. Wall street had no further tractions for him and, out of what tle remained of a once great fortune bought a small fruit farm in New gland where he settled down to en the remainder of his days amid e quiet of rural surroundings, inead of again attempting to "buck e tiger" on the New York Stock exange.

The failure of Andrews, Sr., was obably felt more keenly by his son ck than by the old gentleman himf. His had been a life with the ys where money, and plenty of it, s necessary. The stopping of his ncely allowance meant the discontinuance of his expensive habits. But w England farm life didn't suit ck; he desired something more exing, something more after the hion of a hot scorch over smoothly ved boulevards. Before six months d passed he had left home ties be, and, with nothing but his fa-r's blessing and a mother's prayers his welfare, started west. It wasn't fortune he sought on Arizona's ins, for Jack was a philosophical ng man, and didn't believe that a tune was gathered off of every bit western sage brush, but a life worth living. A broncho was to take the ce of a wheel; a pair of buckskin ts, a flannel shirt and a broadmmed western sombrero were to re-ce the natty, short cycling trowsers, white sweater and the silk cap of New York cycling days.

The half-dozen men sitting around amp fire at post four on X ranch, Arizona, looked worried. One of ir number was somewhere on that ad stretch of sand to the northrd. Whether or not he was yet ng was only conjecture on their t, for a band of Apaches had left the rvation two days before and were ling death and destruction among settlers and cattlemen. Jack Anws, the missing member of post r, had gone to the nearest railroad tion, forty miles away, for the mail an express package for the manr of the ranch, a remittance to pay monthly salaries. If nothing had e wrong, he should have been back this, but with a band of bloodty Indians, headed by that terror terrors, the Apache Kid, roaming r the Arizona desert in search of ps, his friends had grave fears for safety.

he missing herder should have been amp by the middle of the aftern, but as daylight faded into twit and then into the deeper darkof night, relieved only by the glimmer of countless twinkling stars, and no Jack appeared, their fears for his safety increased. They talked of the Apache raid and the three cattlemen who had been so ruthlessly murdered by the Indians but ten miles west of them the day before. From that their conversation drifted to the death of Harry Williams, whose horse had fallen with him during a lonely night ride across the desert, and then of others of their friends who had met similar fates on Arizona's broad plains. They could imagine a lone horseman wandering about among the sand hills and sage brush of the desert seeking a lost trail, or they could imagine a crippled horse, whose rider, to put it out of its misery, had had to shoot it. And then a picture of the rider, attempting to make camp across the sun-parched desert on foot, would pass before their mental vision. And so the long night hours wore away, with nothing more alarming than these reveries to disturb them.

It was not until an hour after sunrise that anything was seen of either Jack or the Indians, and then both came together.

Far away to the north a mere black speck appeared moving over and around, and in and out among the hills of sand, gradually growing larger and larger. Close behind this object was a cloud of dust out of which came a band of horsemen.

"Apaches!"

The exclamation explained it. Certainly trained eyes could never mistake them even at that great distance. Clearly the first object was not a horseman, it was too near the ground for that; neither could it be a man afoot for the progress was much more rapid than could be made by a man running. The distance between the two objects did not materially lessen. The latter were undoubtedly Indians, but whether the former was Jack or not, they could not make out. If it was, he was most certainly riding a strange mount instead of his Bess, the swiftest and pluckiest little horse in the carrol.

Nearer and nearer they came. There was evidently trouble ahead for them all. The men at the camp were prepared to sell their lives dearly if escape was impossible.

But aid was nearer than they thought. In the ravine, a half mile to the west, a troop of blue-coated cavalry was forming.

"Forward — guide center — march!" The captain's voice rang out as clear as if ordering his men to a dress parade instead of an encounter with the terrors of the southwestern plains.

"Gallop—March! Charge!"

The line of hardy troopers with raised sabers came down at right angles upon the path of the Indians and their intended victim.

The red devils saw the trap they had fallen into and, with half a dozen parting shots, they wheeled their ponies and started for the north again. But it was too late for the troopers were onto them, and the few who escaped in safety to the reservation had learned a lesson they did not soon forget.

As for Jack—for it was Jack, mounted on a pneumatic-tired safety—as soon as he saw that help had arrived; that his long race was over, and that he had won, rolled over, entirely exhausted, onto the ground.

We will take Jack's story of his trip, as related to the boys, after he had revived that morning, as an explanation of his strange experience.

"I suppose you're looking at that affair I rode in on, and wondering what sort of a thing it is, where I gathered it in, and whether it would be any good as a cow pony or not," said Jack, by way of introduction to his story.

"Well, boys, it's quite an experience, and, Atkins, if you will kindly favor me with a bracer from that flask of yours to wash down a bit of this Arizona sand, which that devilish thing has lodged in my throat, I will relate it. By the way, you might dish up a goodly supply of the most wholesome food you have, as I have been living principally on hope for the past few hours.

"Now I'm ready. Are you? If so, here goes. As a beginner, I will commence back a few years. In this end of the world I am known as Jack Andrews, a poor devil of a cow puncher, with about money enough each month to carry me through one night at poker, if I don't play too much loser from the start, and to buy an occasional drink for myself and friends. By the way, Atkins, another drink from that flask of yours wouldn't be bad. Thanks.

"But, boys, like yourselves, I wasn't always a cow puncher. Once upon a time I wore dude clothes in New York city, and, while I didn't ride a thing just like that, I rode something similar, and which answered the same purpose. None of you have been away from a civilized community so long but that you can remember one of those things they called a bicycle, although they were not very numerous in our days. Well, that thing there, according to my way of thinking, must be a new-fangled bicycle.

"As I was saying, I rode a bicycle over New York city streets in the days when I was younger than I am now. Mine was what they called a fifty-eight-inch wheel; that is, a big wheel fifty-eight inches high, with the pedals fastened to it, and a small one that traveled along behind. In those days the governor was a broker on Wall street, with money enough to buy half of this blasted territory. Coin was rolling into his office vaults hand-over-fist, and I rolled it out again at about the same pace, until along in 1877, when it became so scarce that the governor had to shut up shop and go to farming for a living. It was soon after that that I drifted out west and learned to ride cow ponies in place of bicycles, an occupation I have found it convenient to follow for about fourteen years now.

"When I started for the Gap day before yesterday I rode what I thought was the best little broncho mare in the west, and I guess you will come mighty near agreeing with me. Bess and I covered the forty miles between here and the Gap the first day, taking it easy like so she'd be fresh on the return trip.

"The train from the east wasn't due until the next morning. I put Bess in the stable, then went over to Johnson's and bought the customary stacks of blues and whites. By two o'clock I had just about enough left to pay for refilling the pint flask I carried, so I quit the crowd and turned in for what was left of the night. The train was some three hours late the next morning and didn't reach the gap until after eleven. It was an hour later before I was ready to leave, and on account of it being so late, had I not known that some of the men were anxious for their money, I would have stayed over a day. Then, too, I had heard same rumors of an Indian raid and, if possible, wanted to get back to the ranch before they got this far south. It is needless to say that I succeeded only by a very close margin.

"Several things hindered our rapid progress, and six o'clock last evening found us only fifteen miles from the Gap, and twenty-five from the ranch. I hadn't seen a sign of a redskin at that time and was beginning to feel easier on that point.

"We hadn't gone two miles more when poor Bess stumbled, and I heard something break as she went down on her knees never again to get up. A leg was broken, and I emptied two barrels of my gun into her forehead to put her out of her misery. I tell you, boys, nothing ever hurt me as much as that did. Bess and I had been companions for years. She had carried me through many a tight place, and had more than once saved my life by outrunning the blood-thirsty Apaches, or a herd of stampeding steers. It sounds sort of weak like to say it, I suppose, but there in the gathering twilight, with no friends nearer than the Gap or the camp here, and with probably a dozen or more foes following my trail, I sat down beside the dead body of Bess and shed the first tears I had known since I was a boy.

"But crying over dead horseflesh wouldn't get me out of the hole I was in. All these little occurrences had taken time, and it was quite dark before I again thought of starting for camp. There was nothing to do but foot it, and the sooner I started, the sooner I would get through.

"I hadn't been tramping fifteen minutes, when I struck an Indian trail running east. You can probably imagine better than I can tell you, how I felt. Alone and afoot, twenty miles from the nearest friends and hostile Apaches no telling how near. You would suppose I would naturally work away from the Indians instead of toward them, but I didn't. Some uncontrollable impulse made me follow them. The trail was fresh, and I knew not how soon I might strike their camp and fall into their hands, yet I couldn't turn back.

"I had traveled about three or four miles when I found that machine. The Apache's gun and knife had done its work, for beside the machine lay the scalpless corpse of a cyclist. Probably a tourist seeking both health and pleasure by a trip through the west on his wheel. There were evidently two of them, for a short distance away was another wheel track running east and west, but I didn't follow it. The minute that I found the dead traveler the spell that had drawn me toward him seemed broken, and I wanted to travel in the opposite direction as fast as I could.

"The bicycle offered the opportunity for more rapid traveling, if I could ride it, and I believed I could. It took me some time to get the hang of the thing, but after many falls and more bruises and scratches I succeeded.

"It isn't necessary to tell all of the little incidents of last night's ride. When morning came, and I could tell where I was, I found that, with all my traveling, I was still some eight miles from the ranch. I also found that the Apaches had struck the trail of the wheel, and having followed one the day before, were not as much mystified by it as I could have wished.

"I was, I should judge, about three or four miles ahead of them, but I knew that unless I could strike smoother traveling, they could easily close the distance between us before I could cover the eight miles. A mile more and the trail got harder and smoother; then I increased my pace. The Indians seemed to increase theirs also, but I could see that the little distance between us was not lessening so rapidly.

"Oh, what a race that was! And, strange to say, I enjoyed it. Every muscle was strained to the utmost. Not a pound of strength that I could command but what was thrown into the pedals of the machine. Memories of happy days long past were revived, and I could feel the old blood coursing through my veins, the first time for many years. For the time I seemed to forget that my pursuers were Indians seeking my scalp; it seemed more like a hot spurt with the boys at home, with myself as pacemaker. Not till I heard the clash of sabers and the shouts of the men in B troop—God bless them—did I seem to fully realize what the stakes in that race had been. You know the rest better than I do.

"Now, boys, let us drink to the health of that other cyclist whose trail I struck. I trust that he may have escaped as easily as I did, and may a kind Providence overlook any little irregularities in the life of the one whose body lies molding under the rays of an Arizona sun this morning.

"Boys, I'm going to leave you. I'm going to draw the few hundred dollars the company is owing me and go back to civilization and see my mother and the governor. And once there I'm going to own the best wheel that money can buy. Nothing else can replace little Bess."

All this happened two years ago. Jack Andrews kept his word and returned to his eastern home. To-day he is playing a larger game than poker at his father's old stand on Wall street. Fortune is smiling upon him in his ventures, but he has never yet forsaken his pneumatic safety for a horse.—Wright A. Patterson, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A LESSON TO TIMID LOVERS.

If You Would Win a Woman Propose While Dancing with Her.

A certain ball-room belle tells how she received an offer of marriage during the dance:

My last proposal, she says, was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and, knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters, thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking a thread off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his and we glided into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it was bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproof; when every second you are being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.—Sheffield Telegraph.

One of the Proprieties.

A policeman, still in uniform, on his way home, stood a moment at the corner of a couple of residence streets, and as he started on a very handsomely dressed little girl came up and stopped while a carriage passed.

"How d'y' do, little girl?" said the officer, in a fatherly tone, for he had some little girls of his own.

The little miss looked at him askance.

"Do you want to get across the street?" he said again, attributing her silence to the natural shyness of a child.

She merely looked at him and made no reply.

"Come," he said, in his kindliest way. "I'm going across, and I'll escort you over."

This time she stepped back, haughtily.

"Excuse me," she replied, "I can take care of myself. My mamma told me it wasn't proper for a lady to be seen on the street with a gentleman she had not been introduced to," and she skipped across, leaving the officer leaning up against the lamp post trying to get over the shock.—Detroit Free Press.

—Evaporation is two or three times greater in the sunshine than in the shade, and five or six times as great in summer as in winter; is greater during a breeze than in a calm, and is greater from fields of melting snow than from an equal surface of the ocean.

—Freshman — "Is this where you vote for the new athletic rules?" News Editor — "Yes." Freshman — "Well, I'm not twenty-one yet; does that make any difference?"—Yale Record.

SCOTCH CHARACTER.

Some Delightful Oddities Pointed Out by an Excellent Authority.

Some delightful oddities of Scotch character are given in Mr. Wilmot Harrison's new book.

Prof Adam Ferguson, the author of "Roman History," at whose house Burns and Scott met for the first and only time, eschewed wine and animal food, "but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him. In addition, his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters in commotion because his eye had fallen on the instrument, and he was a degree too hot or too cold." Yet, at the age of seventy-two, he started for Italy with but a single companion to prepare for a new edition of his "Roman History;" nor did he die until he had attained the age of ninety-two.

Another "character" is Dr. Alex. Adam, rector of the high school, and author of a work on Roman antiquities, and a man of extraordinary industry. When at college he lived on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, in a lodging which cost him four pence a week. In later life he devoted himself absolutely to the work of teaching. In addition to his classes in the high school he appears to have had for his private pupils some of the most eminent Scotchmen of his day.

Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, a member of a Scottish family distinguished during several generations in connection both with church and state, appears to have given wonderful Sunday suppers. "This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his small house in the east end of Queen street to the church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal air, preached, if it was his turn, a sensible, practical sermon; walked home in the same style, took tea about five, spent some hours in his study; at nine had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine and his powerful talk."—Scottish American.

HER DRESS POCKET.

The Man Was Driven Insane by His Inability to Find It.

The man's wife had asked him to go upstairs and look in the pocket of her dress for a key she thought was there, and being a man willing to accommodate, he had done so. It was a long time until he returned, and when he did there was a peculiar look in his eyes.

"I can't find any key in the dress of your pocket," he said, with a painful effort.

"Why," she retorted sharply, "I left it there."

"I say I can't find any dress in the pocket of your key," he said, doggedly.

His tone seemed to disturb her.

"You didn't half look for it," she insisted.

"I tell you I can't find any pocket in the key of your dress," he replied, in a dazed kind of way.

This time she looked at him.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, nervously.

"I say," he said, speaking with much effort, "that I can't find any dress in the key of your pocket."

She got up and went over to him.

"Oh, William," she groaned, "have you been drinking?"

He looked at her leerily.

"I tell you I can't find any pocket in the dress of your key," he whispered.

She began to shake him.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

The shaking seemed to do him good, and he rubbed his eyes as if he were regaining consciousness.

"Wait a minute," he said slowly, indeed. "Wait a minute. I can't find any dress in—no; I can't find any key in the dress of—no, that's not it; any—any—any pocket. There, that's it!" and a flood of light came into his face. "Confound it! I couldn't find any pocket."

Then he sat down and laughed hysterically, and his wife, wondering why in the name of goodness men raised such a row over finding the pocket in a woman's dress, went up-stairs and came back with the key in two minutes.—Detroit Free Press.

Translating the Perfect Tense.

It was in a Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit," which, with a painful slowness of emphasis, he had rendered, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb 'fugit' be found?" asked the teacher.

A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it, then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put a 'has' in it."

Again the tardy emphasis drawled out: "The king has fleas."—Waterbury American.

Not Always a Negative.

McCloskey—Now I am thirty, I would get married if I could persuade some woman to have me.

Leach—Do they all say "No," then?

McCloskey—Certainly not. Only a week ago I asked a lady if she wo object to become my wife.—N. Y. vertiser.